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Graduate Recital: Nicholas Reynolds, tenor

Nicholas Reynolds

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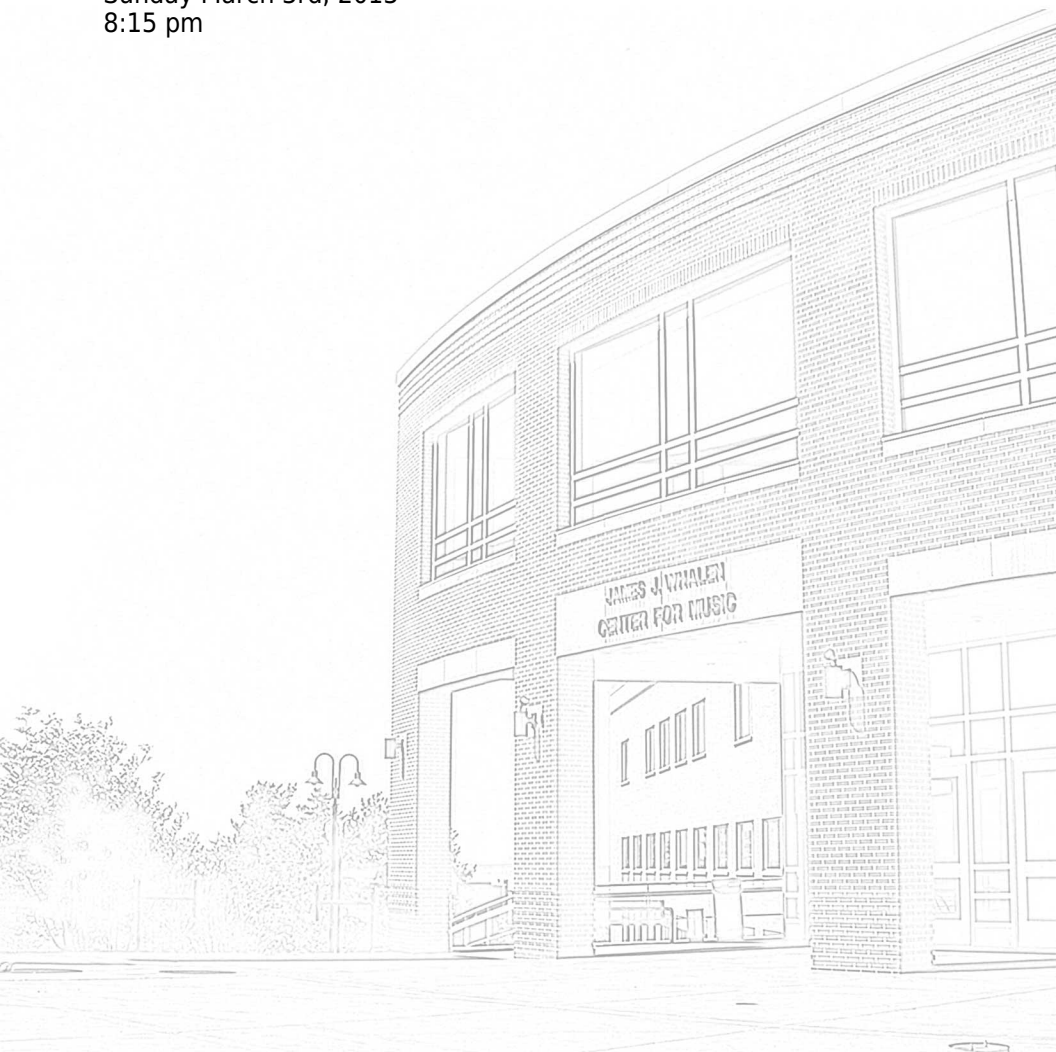
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Graduate Recital: Nicholas Reynolds, tenor

Siu Yan Luk, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday March 3rd, 2013
8:15 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Judas Maccabaeus
Sound an Alarm

G. F. Handel
(1685-1759)

Stänchen, Op. 17, No. 2
Ich trage meine minne, Op. 32, No. 1
Breit' über mein haupt, Op. 19, No. 2
Zueignung, Op. 10, No. 1

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Tosca
Recondita armonia

Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924)

Intermission

L'invitation au voyage
Sérénade Florentine
Élégie

Henri Duparc
(1848-1933)

Deità silvane
I fauni
Musico in horto
Egle
Aqua
Crepuscolo

Ottorino Respighi
(1879-1936)

Ständchen (Serenade)

Mach' auf, mach' auf, doch leise mein Kind,	Open up, open, but softly my dear,
Um keinen vom Schlummer zu wecken.	So as to wake no one from sleep.
Kaum murmelt der Bach, kaum zittert im Wind	The brook hardly murmurs, the wind hardly shakes
Ein Blatt an den Büschen und Hecken.	A leaf on bush or hedge.
Drum leise, mein Mädchen, dass nichts sich regt,	So, softly, my maiden, so that nothing stirs,
Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt.	Just lay your hand softly on the door latch.
Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so sacht,	With steps as soft as the footsteps of elves,
Die über die Blumen hüpfen, Flieg leicht hinaus in die Mondscheinnacht,	Soft enough to hop over the flowers, Fly lightly out into the moonlit night,
Zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen.	To steal to me in the garden.
Rings schlummern die Blüten am rieselnden Bach	The flowers are sleeping along the rippling brook,
Und duften im Schlaf, nur die Liebe ist wach.	Fragrant in sleep, only love is awake.
Sitz nieder, hier dämmert's geheimnisvoll	Sit, here it darkens mysteriously
Unter den Lindenbäumen, Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll Von unseren Küssen träumen, Und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen erwacht,	Beneath the lindens, The nightingale over our heads Shall dream of our kisses, And the rose, when it wakes in the morning,
Hoch glühn von den Wonnenschauern der Nacht.	Shall glow from the wondrous passions of the night.

Ich trage meine Minne (I carry my love)

Ich trage meine Minne vor Wonne stumm, Im Herzen und im Sinne mit mir herum.	I carry my love mute with rapture, in my heart and in my mind wherever I go.
Ja, dass ich dich gefunden, du liebes Kind, Das freut mich alle Stunden Tage, die mir beschieden sind..	Yes, our encounter, Dearest one, Cheers through all the days allotted to me.
Und ob auch der Himmel trübe, kohlschwarz die Nacht, Hell leuchtet meiner Liebe goldsonnige Pracht.	Though skies are grim, And jet-black is the night, brightly shines my love's gold-shining splendor.
Und lügt auch die Welt in Sünden, so tut mir's weh, Die Arge muss erblinden vor deiner Unschuld Schnee.	And though decietful is the sinful world and it grieves me, its wretchedness will be blinded by your snow-like innocence.

Breit' über mein Haupt (Spread over my head)

Breit' über mein Haupt dein
schwarzes Haar,
Neig' zu mir dein Angesicht,
Da strömt in die Seele so hell und klar

Mir deiner Augen Licht.
Ich will nicht droben der Sonne
Pracht,
Noch der Sterne leuchtenden Kranz,
Ich will nur deiner Locken Nacht
Und deiner Blicke Glanz.

Spread over my head your black hair,
and incline to me your face,
so that into my soul, so brightly and
clearly,
will stream your eye's light.
I do not want the splendor of the sun
above,
nor the glittering crown of stars;
I want only the night of your locks
and the radiance of your gaze.

Zueignung (Devotion)

Ja, du seisst es, teure Seele,
Dass ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.
Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten Becher,
Und du segnestest den Trank,
Habe Dank.
Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank.

Yes, you know it, dearest soul,
How I suffer far from you,
Love makes the heart sick,
Have thanks.
Once I, drinker of freedom,
Held high the amethyst beaker,
And you blessed the drink,
Have thanks.
And you exorcised the evils in it,
Until I, as I had never been before,
Blessed, blessed sank upon your
heart,
Have thanks.

Recondita armonia (Enigmatic Harmony)

Recondita armonia
Di bellezze diverse! È bruna Floria,
L'ardente amante mia,
E te, beltade ignota,
Cinta di chiome bionde!
Tu azzurro hai l'occhio, Tosca hai
l'occhio nero!
L'arte nel suo mistero
Le diverse bellezze insiem confonde:
Ma nel ritrar costei
Il mio solo pensiero, Tosca, sei tu!

Enigmatic harmony
Of different beauties! Dark-haired is
Flora,
my passionate lover,
And you, nameless beauty,
Crowned with blonde tresses!
You have blue eyes; Tosca's eyes are
black!
Art in its mystery
Blends the different beauties
together;
But in portraying her
My only thought, Tosca, is you!

L'invitation au voyage (The invitation to a voyage)

Mon enfant, ma sœur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble,
Aimer à loisir,
Aimer et mourir

My child, my sister,
think of the sweetness
of going there to live together!
To love at leisure,
to love and to die

Au pays qui te ressemble.
Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes
Si mystérieux
De tes traîtres yeux,
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.
Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.
Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.
Les soleils couchants
Revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière,
D'hyacinthe et d'or;
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière!
Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.

in a country that resembles you!
The misty suns
of those ,moist skies
for my spirit have the charmes
So mysterious
Of your treacherous eyes
shining through their tears.
There, all is order and beauty,
luxury, calm and delight.
See on these canals,
Sleep these vessels,
that like to roam.
To gratify
your every desire
they have come from the ends of the
earth.
The suns sleep
clothe the fields,
the canals, and the town
with reddish-orange and gold.
The world falls asleep
in warmth and light.
There, all is harmony and beauty,
luxury, calm and delight.

Sérénade Florentine (Florentine Serenade)

Étoile dont la beauté luit
Comme un diamant dans la nuit,
Regarde vers ma bien-aimée
Dont la paupière s'est fermée.
Et fais descendre sur ses yeux
La bénédiction des cieux.
Elle s'endort... Par la fenêtre
En sa chambre heureuse pénètre;
Sur sa blancheur, comme un baiser,
Viens jusqu'à l'aube te poser
Et que sa pensée, alors, rêve
D'un astre d'amour qui se lève!

Star whose beauty shines
like a diamond in the night
Look toward my beloved
whose eyelids are closed.
And send down upon her eyes
the benediction of the skies..
She sleeps... by the window.
Enter her blissful bedroom;
Upon her whiteness, like a kiss,
Come, just as the sun is rising,
so that she thinks, even dreams,
that a star of love wakes her!

Élégie (Elegy)

Oh! ne murmurez pas son nom!
Qu'il dorme dans l'ombre,
Où froide et sans honneur repose sa
dépouille.
Muettes, tristes, glacées, tombent
nos larmes,
Comme la rosée de la nuit,
qui sur sa tête humecte la gazon;
Mais la rosée de la nuit, bien qu'elle
pleure
Qu'elle pleure en silence,
Fera briller la verdure sur sa couche
Et nos larmes, en secret répandues,
Conserveront sa mémoire fraîche et
verte dans nos cœurs.

Oh! do not whisper his name!
Let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and without glory rest his
remains.
Silent, sad and cold, fall the tears we
shed,
Like the dew of the night,
Which over his head moistens the
grass.
But the dew of the night, though it
weeps,
Though it weeps in silence,
Will make the verdure on his resting
place glitter,
And our tears, shed in secret,
Will keep his memory fresh and green
in our hearts.

I fauni (The Fauns)

S'odono al monte i saltellanti rivi
Murmureggiare per le forre astruse,
S'odono al bosco gemer cornamuse
Con garrito di pifferi giulivi.
E i fauni in corsa per dumeti e clivi,
Erti le corna sulle fronti ottuse,
Bevono per lor nari camuse
Filtri sottili e zeffiri lascivi.
E, mentre in fondo al gran coro
alberato
Piange d'amore per la vita bella
La sampogna dell'arcade pastore,
Contenta e paurosa dell'agguato,
Fugge ogni ninfa più che fiera snella,
Ardendo in bocca come ardente fiore.

One hears in the hills the bubbling
brooks
Murmuring through the dark ravines,
One hears in the woods the groan of
the bagpipes
With the chirp of merry fifes.
And the fauns racing over hills and
through thickets,
Their horns erect above their broad
foreheads,
Drink through their blunt, upturned
nostrils
Subtle potions and lascivious winds.
And, while beneath the great choir of
trees,
They weep, for love of the beautiful
life:
The bagpipes of the arcadian
shepherd.
Happy and fearful of the impending
ambush,
The nymphs flee, faster than wild
gazelles,
Their ardent lips like blazing flowers!

Musica in Horto (Garden Music)

Uno squillo di cròtali clangenti
Rompe in ritmo il silenzio dei roseti,
Mentre in fondo agli alulenti orti
segreti
Gorgheggia un flauto liquidi lamenti.
La melodia, con tintinnio d'argenti,

A blast of finger-cymbals clashing
rhythmically
Punctuates the silence of the rose
gardens,
While at the end of fragrant, secret
orchards

Par che a vicenda s'attristi e s'allieti,
Ora luce di tremiti inquieti,
Or diffondendo lunghe ombre dolenti:

Cròtali arguti e canne variotocche!
Una gioia di cantici inespressi
Per voi par che dai chiusi orti
rampolli,
E in sommo dei rosai, che cingon
molti
Ghirlande al cuor degli intimi recessi,
S'apron le rose come molli bocche!

A flute pours out its liquid
lamentation.
The melody, with silver
cymbal-hissing
Shifts between saddening and
becoming joyful;
Now shining with flickering, flaring
light,
Now casting long sorrowful shadows:
Ringing finger-cymbals and
many-sounding pipes!
A joy of songs unexpressed
for you gushes forth from the
orchards,
And at the top of the rosebushes, that
weave garlands
At the heart of the intimate nooks,
The roses open like soft mouths!

Egle (Aegle)

Frondeggia il bosco d'uberi verzure,
Volgendo i rii zaffiro e margherita:
Per gli archi verdi un'anima romita
Cinge pallidi fuochi a ridde oscure.
E in te ristretta con le mani pure
Come le pure fonti della vita,
Di sole e d'ombre mobili vestita
Tu danzi, Egle, con languide misure.
E a te candida e bionda tra li ninfe,
D'ilari ambagi descrivendo il verde,
Sotto i segreti ombracoli del verde,
Ove la più inquieta ombra s'attrista,
Perle squillanti e liquido ametista
Volge la gioia roca delle linfe.

The forest is heavy with leaves and
fruit,
The brooks are shimmering in daisy
and sapphire:
Under the green arches a lonely soul
Circles pale flames in hidden dances.
And with quiet intensity and hands as
pure
As the pure fountains of life itself,
Veiled in clothes of sun and shadow
You dance, Aegle, with spiritless
steps.
And toward you, white and blonde
among the nymphs,
Merrily dancing like fluttering leaves,
Under the secret shadows of the
leaves,
Where the most restless spirit
saddens,
In translucent pearl and liquid
amethyst
Flows the raw rapture of the amber.

Acqua (Water)

Acqua, e tu ancora sul tuo flauto lene
Intonami un tuo canto variolungo,
Di cui le note abbian l'odor del fungo,
Del musco e dell'esiguo capelvenere,
Sì che per tutte le sottili vene,
Onde irrighi la fresca solitudine,
Il tuo riscintillio rida e sublùdii
Al gemmar delle musiche serene.
Acqua, e, lung'h'essi i calami volubili
Movendo in gicco le cerulee dita,

Water, once again your mellow flute
Plays to me your varying song,
Whose notes seem like the smell of
mushrooms,
Of moss and of sleek, silken
maiden-hair,
So that along all the tiny streams
That refresh the lonely places,
Your sparkling presence laughs and
ripples

Avvicenda più lunghe ombre alle luci,
Tu che con modi labii deduci
Sulla mia fronte intenta e sulla vita
Del verde fuggitive ombre di nubi.

With the jewels of serene music.
Water, while along your banks the
whispering reeds
Playfully wiggle their blue fingers,
Flickering longer shadows in the light,

You wind your fleeting way, seeing
On my brooding forehead and on
each of the leaves
The passing shadows of clouds.

Crepuscolo (Twilight)

Nell'orto abbandonato ora l'edace
Muschio contende all'ellere i recessi,
E tra il coro snelletto dei cipressi
S'addorme in grembo dell'antica pace

Pan. Sul vasto marmoreo torace,
Che i convvoli infiorano d'amplessi,
Un tempo forse con canti sommessi
Piegò una ninfa il bel torso procace.
Deità della terra, forza lieta!,
Tropo pensiero è nella tua
vecchiezza:
Per sempre inaridita è la tua fonte.
Muore il giorno, e nell'alta ombra
inquieta
Trema e s'attrista un canto
d'allegrezza:
Lunghe ombre azzurre scendono dal
monte...

In the abandoned garden, now the
greedy moss
Fights with the ivy for every nook and
cranny,
And in the sparse cluster of
cypresses,
Sleeping in the womb of ancient
peace
Pan. On the vast marble statue,
Wrapped with morning-glory flowers,
Perhaps someday with a gentle song
A nymph might bend over her lovely
figure.
God of the earth, joyful force!
You have become too serious in your
old age:
Your fountain is dry forever.
The day dies, and through the vast
restless shade
A song of happiness trembles and
saddens:
Long blue shadows descend from the
mountains.